THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 23, 1804.

Curious Particulars relative to the Trial of Louis XVI.

[From Yorke's Letters from France, in 1802.]

NOW that I am upon this ſubject, I ſhall mention a few circumſtances reſpecting this laſt event, which have not, I believe, been ever made known to the public. I was preſent at the trial of the king, and ſat very near to him. Before he was brought to the bar, it was decreed (on a motion of Legendre, the butcher, one of the deputies of the great nation), that "no perſon, excepting the preſident, ſhould be allowed to ſpeak a word while Louis Capet was preſent."

The motion of Legendre was premiſed by the following ſpeech, which I well remember, and give verbatim.

"Citizen preſident, I demand that this aſſembly preſerves the mournful ſilence of the tombs, that, when the bloody tyrant enters, it may ſtrike his *guilty* ſoul with horror."

Guilty ſoul! condemned before evidence heard, and prejudged before trial! This ſpeech was received with unbounded applauſe; and the blood-ſtained hypocrite Barrére, who was preſident on the occaſion, apoſtrophized the people in the tribunes on the propriety of obſerving ſilence and decorum. It is remarkable, that there were very few perſons of any reſpectability, or even decent appearance, in the galleries; they were filled with fiſh-women, and the vileſt of the rabble. During the whole night preceding the day of trial (as it was called), the people in the galleries kept themſelves awake with ſinging the Marſeillois hymn, which, I believe, was vociferated a hundred times.

The officers of artillery, attached to the national guard who were on duty that night, procured wine and cakes for ſuch as were willing to purchaſe them. In the morning the deputies

aſſembled, and proceeded upon the order of the day; and while Santerre, the brewer, and commandant of the national guard of Paris, was ſent to the Temple to conduct the king to the convention, it was arranged, that the preſident ſhould firſt read the whole of the charges, and ſhould then propoſe each of them ſucceſſively to the king, and demand his anſwer. He was alſo authoriſed to interrogate the monarch, and, if he refuſed to anſwer, ſuch refuſal was to be conſidered as a confeſſion of guilt. During this diſcuſſion, and before ſeveral other points had been adjuſted, Santerre preſented himſelf at the bar, and thus addreſſed the preſident: "Citizen preſident, I have executed your command; Louis Capet is here, and awaits your orders." Before Barrére had time to reply, Maillé, one of the ſecretaries, exclaimed, "Bring him in."

A very profound ſilence reigned throughout the aſſembly, when, attended by ſeveral officers of the etat major of Paris, and followed by Santerre, the king advanced to the bar, ſtanding erect and firm, and caſting (as appeared to me) a ſtrong look of defiance, but not of dignity. A little before the king entered, a member of the convention ſaid, in my hearing, to *****, "This will give you a correct idea of your country in the laſt century." To which he anſwered, with uncommon ſpirit, and with a forcible equivoque, "No, we ſhall ſee too many tricks here."

I watched the king with the minuteſt attention, and I obſerved, that, in looking around the aſſembly, he happened to caſt his eyes on the ſtandards which had been taken from the Auſtrians and Pruſſians, and gave a ſudden ſtart, ſcarcely perceptible to any but a very cloſe obſerver, and from which he recovered himſelf in an inſtant. A wooden chair was brought, and Barrére invited him to be ſeated. He then read the whole of the charges, during which the king fixed his eyes upon him, but ſeemingly not with attention. From this circumſtance, I did flatter myſelf (and there were many members of the convention who alſo wiſhed it), that like Charles the Firſt, he would either deny the competency of the tribunal to try him, or have appealed to the people; but he adopted neither the one nor the other. To every charge he anſwered directly, without premeditation, and with ſuch ſkilful propriety, that the audience were aſtoniſhed; and this gave riſe to an idle report, that Pethion had contrived to furniſh him with a copy in the Temple.

There occurred three other circumſtances during this ſolemn occaſion, which have not been noticed elſewhere. When he was accuſed of ſhedding the blood of Frenchmen, he raiſed his voice with all the conſciouſneſs of innocence, and, in a very ſtrong tone of indignation, replied, "No, Sir! I have never ſhed the blood of Frenchmen." His ſpirit was evidently wounded at this charge, and I perceived a tear trickle down his cheek;

cheek ; but, as if unwilling to give his enemies an opportunity of diſcovering any weakneſs in his conduct, he inſtantaneouſly wiped it away with his hand, and then gently rubbed his forehead, to denote that he was oppreſſed with heat.

After all his anſwers had been obtained, ſeveral papers were handed to him, with ſome degree of politeneſs, by Roſe, a Scotchman, and one of the huiſſiers, or gentleman uſher of the convention. I have employed the term *politeneſs* by way of contraſt with the brutiſh behaviour of Mailhé, the ſecretary, who was afterwards deſired to preſent the papers ſucceſſively to the king. Theſe papers were ſaid to have been ſigned by the monarch, and to have been contained in a box which was found in a ſecret part of his cabinet. Their contents were not of any great importance, as they related to ſome pecuniary ſupplies and donations ſent to ſupport his relatives and faithful ſervants on the other ſide of the Rhine. The object of the convention was to identify the king's hand-writing, by extracting from him an acknowledgment that any one of them was written by him. A chair was placed for Mailhé cloſe to the king, but within the bar. Immediately that he ſeated himſelf, the unfeeling monſter turned it completely round, preſenting his face to the preſident, and his back to the king. I believe I can venture to aſſert, that I heard ſomething like a murmur of diſapprobation at this indecent action, to ſay no worſe of it. The inſulted monarch felt the affront, and ſhewed, by the manner in which he reſented it, a proud ſuperiority over his daſtardly enemy. He roſe inſtantly from his ſeat, and remained on his legs during the whole of the examination. Mailhé retained his poſition, and, ſitting with one leg over the other, read aloud each paper; and then, without turning towards the king, handed it over his right ſhoulder to his ſovereign, accompanied every time with the following queſtion : " Louis, is that your hand-writing ?" The unfortunate monarch, without deigning to give him a look, ſnatched it abruptly from his hand, and, after having glanced his eye upon it, returned it in the ſame manner, and anſwered, in a very indignant tone, " No ! it is not my hand-writing."

A multitude of papers were preſented on the one part, and denied on the other, in the ſame ſtyle : at length, when the king diſavowed all, Mailhé roſe from his ſeat, and, as he was returning to his ſtation as ſecretary, exclaimed, " Louis denies every thing ; Louis recollects nothing at all." A voice from the boxes behind the deputies ſhouted, " Take off his head," but it was not noticed. Thus far, victory was evidently on the ſide of the king ; never were charges more completely refuted by any forſaken individual, unſupported either by friends or counſel. The preſident was wholly at a loſs how to proceed. Barbaroux and ſeveral members ran up to his chair, and whiſpered ſomething in his ear. This confuſed him the more. At length

Manuel, nicknamed the Solon, the Solomon, or the Socrates of France (I forget which), advanced from his ſeat into the area of the hall, in the moſt bungling manner, and in the moſt ridiculous tone I ever heard, thus delivered himſelf: "Preſident, the repreſentatives of the people have decreed, that none of us ſhall ſpeak while *the king*, Louis I ſhould ſay, is amongſt us. Now I propoſe that Louis withdraw for a little, and then every member may deliver his opinion."

No language can give an idea of the ſilly appearance he made, when he found that the word *king* had eſcaped unguardedly from his lips. At the ſound of that name I could plainly perceive Legendre, ſtanding at the top of the mountain, his body writhing and diſtorted, and his mouth preparing to bellow. As he was ſitting down, he gave Bourdon de L'oiſe a moſt tremendous blow for calling him to order, which the other returned by a ſound box on the ear. Several deputies parted them. In the midſt of this confuſion, when all the members were talking together (for the battle on the mountain was ſeen only by a few), the preſident's chair was aſſailed by a number of deputies, who were making various propoſitions. At length Barrére rang his bell to obtain ſilence, and then told the king he might withdraw. All theſe things paſſed in the ſpace of four minutes. The king then addreſſed himſelf to the preſident, and ſaid, "I requeſt to have the aſſiſtance of counſel," and immediately retired before any anſwer was given.

The artful and infernal villain Barrére, who during this mock trial affected the greateſt ſympathy towards his injured ſovereign, and even articulated all the charges in faltering accents, now reſumed the natural tone of his voice. A ſmart diſcuſſion had taken place on the propriety of his wearing his hat in the preſence of the king, to denote, according to ſome, that the nation was in danger, and, according to others, to diſplay the majeſty of the people, ſitting in judgement on their chief magiſtrate. The queſtion was undetermined at the time the king entered, ſo that it was left to his own option. He remained, however, the whole time uncovered: the majority of the members wore their hats, but the duke of Orleans, who had ſeated himſelf in full view of his fallen relative, was alſo uncovered. The king was plainly dreſſed in an olive ſilk coat, and looked remarkably well. Barrére, the preſident, wore a dark mixture, a ſcarlet waiſtcoat, and a lead coloured pair of kerſeymere breeches, with white ſilk ſtockings. Pethion was elegantly dreſſed in black, as well as ſeveral of his party. Robeſpierre was alſo dreſſed in black. Orleans was habited in blue, and the majority of the members looked like blackguards. Legendre wore no neckcloth, and had his collar open *à la Brutus*.

Manuel ſeemed much agitated by the miſapplication of the word *king*, and extricated himſelf from the difficulty in a moſt laughable

laughable manner. Not ſo the monarch, who dropt a ſimilar expreſſion, even in his painful and untoward ſituation. When he was giving an account of the invitation to the entertainment at Verſailles, which the queen had received from the *garde-du-corps*, he caught up his words, and ſaid, *La Reine ci-devant, ma femme*.

The reſt of this affecting ſpectacle, which by no means correſponded with that pomp and dignity ſo eloquently deſcribed by Mr. Hume on another occaſion, is ſufficiently known. I have mentioned the incidents above, becauſe I have never ſeen them recounted in any printed account of the tranſactions of that melancholy day.

It has been generally aſſerted, that no effort was made on the part of any of the Pariſians to reſcue their captive monarch from the horrors of a public execution. This aſſertion I know to be falſe. I am perſonally acquainted with a very able literary man, now reſident in Paris, who had fifteen thouſand livres depoſited in his hands for the purpoſe of ſaving the king. What! you will exclaim, not more than ſix hundred pounds ſterling to ſnatch a monarch from the ſcaffold! It is true, that this ſum is a mere trifle, but it is a proof that his cauſe was not altogether abandoned; and, perhaps, you will ſtart with ſurprize when I inform you, that this inſignificant ſum was ſo prudently diſtributed, and the plan ſo judiciouſly arranged (for I have ſeen all the documents), that, if Santerre had not ordered the drums to beat, in order to drown the forcible appeal which the royal ſufferer was making to the people, I do moſt ſincerely believe that it would have been carried into effect. Moſt aſſuredly, there were perſons on the fatal ſpot prepared to ſeize the moment of opportunity; and there can be no doubt, from the acknowledged fickle and atrocious character of the Pariſian populace, who would ſend up ſhouts to Heaven to-morrow at the execution of the firſt conſul, whom to-day they adore, that they would have joined or divided in the enterprize. At all events, meaſures were taken to facilitate the king's eſcape during the ſtruggle, and that was the object for which the ſix hundred pounds were expended.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH *of the late* SIR WILLIAM FAWCETT.

THIS diſtinguiſhed and meritorious officer was of a very ancient and reſpectable family, and born at Shipdenhall, near Halifax, in Yorkſhire, which, for many centuries, had been in the poſſeſſion of his anceſtors, and is now the property and reſidence of their lineal deſcendant. His father dying when he was very young, his education was ſuperintended by an uncle, a very

a very worthy clergyman. He was brought up at a free ſchool, in Lancaſhire, where he was well grounded in claſſical learning, and became alſo a remarkable proficient in mathematics. He has very frequently been heard to declare, that, from his earlieſt youth, he always felt the ſtrongeſt predileƈtion for the army, which his mother and neareſt relations conſtantly endeavoured to diſſuade him from; but, finding all their arguments ineffeƈtual, they either bought, or he had an enſigncy given him, in General Oglethorpe's regiment, then in Georgia; but the war being then going on in Flanders, he gave up his enſigncy, and went there as a volunteer, furniſhed with letters from the late marquis of Rockingham and Mr. Laſcelles (afterwards Lord Harewood) to the commander, and ſeveral others of the officers. This ſtep was at the time far from unuſual for young men of ſpirit, of the firſt rank and fortune, to take. He entered as a volunteer, but meſſed with the officers, and was very ſoon preſented with a pair of colours.

Some time after he married a lady of good fortune and family, and, at the preſſing entreaties of her friends, he moſt reluƈtantly reſigned his commiſſion; which he had no ſooner done, than he felt himſelf miſerable, and his new relations finding that his propenſity to a military life was invincible, agreed to his purchaſing an enſigncy in the third regiment of guards.

Having now obtained the objeƈt of his moſt anxious wiſhes, he determined to loſe no opportunity of qualifying himſelf for the higheſt ſituations in his favourite profeſſion. With this view he paid the moſt unremitting attention to his duty, and every hour he could command was given up to the ſtudy of the French and German languages, in which (by the aſſiſtance of his claſſical learning) he ſoon became ſuch a proficient as not only to underſtand and write both grammatically and elegantly, but to ſpeak them fluently. When he was a lieutenant in the guards, he tranſlated from the French, "The Reveries; or, Memoirs upon the Art of War, by Field-Marſhal Count Saxe," which was publiſhed in quarto, in 1757, and dedicated "To the general officers." He alſo tranſlated from the German, "Regulations for the Pruſſian Cavalry," which was alſo publiſhed in 1757, and dedicated to major-general the earl of Albemarle, colonel of the king's own regiment of dragoons. And he likewiſe tranſlated from the German, "Regulations for the Pruſſian Infantry," to which was added, "The Pruſſian Taƈticks," which was publiſhed in 1759, and dedicated to lieutenant-general the earl of Rothes, colonel of the third regiment of foot guards.

Having attained the ſituation of adjutant in the guards, his abilities and unremitting attention ſoon became conſpicuous; and, on the late General Elliot's being ordered to Germany in the ſeven years war, he offered to take him as his aid-de-camp,

which he gladly accepted, as it gave him an opportunity of gaining that knowledge which actual ſervice could alone impart. When he ſerved in Germany, his ardour, intrepidity, and attention to all the duties of his ſituation, were ſuch, that, on the death of General Elliot, he had immediately offers both from the late Prince Ferdinand, the commander in chief, and the late marquis of Granby, to be appointed aid-de-camp. By the advice of a noble earl now dead (who hinted to him that the German war would not laſt for ever) he accepted the offer of the latter, after making due acknowledgements for the honour intended him by the former. In this his new ſituation his ardour and attention were, if poſſible, increaſed, which gained him the friendſhip of all thoſe attached to Lord Granby, particularly of a noble lord (now living and highly conſpicuous both by his rank and talents), who, being fixed upon to bring to England the account of the battle of Warburgh, gave up his appointment to Captain Fawcett; an inſtance of generous friendſhip which he always ſpoke of with the moſt heartfelt gratitude.

On his arrival in England he was introduced by the then great miniſter to his late majeſty King George the Second, who received him moſt graciouſly, and not the leſs ſo on his giving the whole account in German. Soon after, he was promoted to a company in the guards with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army, and became military ſecretary to, and the intimate and confidential friend of, Lord Granby. His manners were formed with equal ſtrength and ſoftneſs; and to coolneſs, intrepidity, and extenſive military knowledge, he added all the requiſite talents of a man of buſineſs, and the moſt perſevering aſſiduity, without the leaſt oſtentation.

Notwithſtanding the moſt unaſſuming modeſty, his abilities were now ſo generally known, that he was fixed upon as the moſt proper perſon to manage and ſupport the intereſt of his country, in ſettling many of the concerns of the war in Germany; and by that means neceſſarily became known to the Great Frederick (that ſupereminent judge of merit ſuch as his), from whom he afterwards had the moſt tempting and dazzling offers, which he declined without heſitation, preferring the ſervice of his king and country to every other conſideration.

The many eminent and honourable ſituations he has ſince held are too well known, both in England and Germany, to be here mentioned; and the manner in which he performed the duties of his ſeveral offices will long be gratefully remembered by his country, as well as by every individual who had buſineſs to tranſact with him.

The honours paid to his memory by the moſt exalted characters in this kingdom are perhaps unparalleled, and bear the moſt ample teſtimony to his merits.

On

On Saturday, April 31, 1804, at half paſt one, his body was removed from George-ſtreet; the hearſe was preceded by the horſe of the deceaſed, bearing his ſword, &c. and followed by the prince of Wales; dukes of Clarence and Kent; Lords Jerſey, Cheſterfield, and Curzon; Generals Fox, Sir A. Clarke, Hulſe, Garth, Wynne, Burrard, &c. in four royal carriages and ſix, and ſeven mourning coaches and four. The proceſſion paſſed along St. James's-ſtreet, Piccadilly, and Sloane-ſtreet. On reaching the northern gate of the college, the corpſe was met by the dukes of York and Cambridge, and a great number of general officers. The pall was ſupported by eight generals. The proceſſion was uncommonly ſplendid, and, notwithſtanding the very unfavourable ſtate of the weather, attracted crowds of ſpectators.

DESCRIPTION *of the* THELLUSSON MASQUERADE.

THAT our readers may derive ſome entertainment from the peruſal of the following article we have little doubt, while at the ſame time it exhibits a picture of the ſtate of faſhionable elegance at the preſent day, and will furniſh to poſterity ſome idea of the paſtimes of the higher circles in this country, at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Indeed ſuch a numerous collection of nobility and gentlemen we ſeldom or ever recollect to have witneſſed on a ſimilar occaſion.

For ſome reaſons, which we preſume not to explain, this entertainment of Mr. Thelluſſon's was made to connect itſelf with political ſubjects, and to give riſe to circumſtances which had nearly broken the pleaſure of the evening, "with a moſt admired diſorder." Mr. Thelluſſon had announced a repreſentation as a preface to his maſquerade, and had called it the coronation of the emperor of the gulls. From the following deſcription of it our readers will ſee, that any applauſe which the company might have beſtowed, would be one of thoſe ſacrifices which judgment and truth too often make to politeneſs. The thing was to have been a mock repreſentation of Bonaparte's coronation. A ſtage was erected in the garden, and ſcenery was, in the firſt inſtance, borrowed from Drury-lane. Over the chair in which the emperor was to ſit, was intended to be placed a canopy, with the words, "Emperor of the Gulls." The ſcene was to open with a view of a full meeting of the legiſlative body at Paris, when a well-dreſſed punch, as the repreſentative of Bonaparte, was to be propoſed "emperor of the gulls" by a parſon, in the character of Curee, who, in an introductory ſpeech, was to extol the Corſican hero to the ſkies. This ſenator was to be followed by Carnot, who was ſtrongly to

oppoſe

oppoſe the motion, amidſt groans and hiſſes. This point being carried, a ſtately pope was to ſtand forward, and crown punch; after which a flouriſh of two-penny trumpets was to ſtrike up, which would have reſembled the noiſe of Bartholomew fair. Europe was them to be led before the emperor Punch, in chains, repreſented by a cripple wanting a leg and an arm; John Bull was alſo ordered to be brought before the crowned head, in chains, but in the attempt he broke looſe, overthrew the emperor, and diſperſed the whole body of legiſlators. Mr. Thelluſſon, with the enthuſiaſm that always attends projectors, had diſcloſed the nature and object of the piece; and the ſtory and dramatis perſonæ were known long before the curtain drew up. Many perſons of conſequence did not hail it with all that tranſport which Mr. Thelluſſon expected; they did not think it conſonant with the dignity and manlineſs of the Engliſh character. It had too much of thoſe Boulevard exhibitions at Paris, which have ſo often, we dare ſay, delighted Mr. Thelluſſon. Other perſons, the parents and friends of our countrymen in France, viewed it as likely to aggravate their ſufferings. They applied to a ſource the neareſt to the fountain of mercy and humanity. He replied, not in the ſpirit imputed to him by ſome perſons unconnected, no doubt, with Mr. Thelluſſon; not in the ſpirit of deference to Bonaparte, of unwillingneſs to irritate him, but he replied at firſt that it was not his province nor his inclination to interfere in the amuſements of private gentlemen; but an appeal, we underſtand, was made to him from a lady of high birth, of high mental and moral qualities, the appeal of a mother in behalf of an only ſon, a priſoner in France. She feared, ſhe apprehended, that the ſtory, ridiculous and trifling as it was, might poſſibly injure her ſon, and ſhe implored the prince to intercede with Mr. Thelluſſon. Mr. Thelluſſon was not at firſt inclined to abandon his darling idea. We do not wonder at it. He had ſtudied the character of punch, and we have been told that his conception of the part was excellent. Influenced by the motives which had dictated the prince's application, the manager of Drury-lane ordered back the ſcenery he had lent. Freſh ſcenery was borrowed, and freſh performers undertook the reſpective parts. At length the illuſtrious perſonage in queſtion declared to Mr. Thelluſſon, that he knew a nobleman who felt moſt anxiouſly for his only ſon, now in that country, and was ſenſible it would greatly alleviate the mind of a feeling father, were this part of the plan to be relinquiſhed. Mr. Thelluſſon replied, that viewing the buſineſs in a political point of view he could never think of departing from his original intention; but if the noble lord felt ſo acutely as the diſtinguiſhed perſon repreſented, and thought proper to aſk the matter as a favour, he certainly would attend to the requeſt. This produced

a letter from the noble lord in queſtion, and this part of the plan was accordingly abandoned.

At eleven o'clock at night every ſtreet leading to Foley-Houſe was completely filled with carriages. The crowd about the gate became ſo numerous and tumultuous, that unleſs by the particular interference of the police officers ſtationed there, the faſhionable viſitors could not have gained admittance. The prince of Wales and his party arrived about eleven o'clock; and his preſence animated the whole company. On entering the garden which is on the ſouth ſide of the houſe, the prince of Wales's feathers were in variegated lamps over the gate, whilſt the blaze of ſeveral thouſand lamps, reflecting from the trees, had, as it might have been expected, a moſt aſtoniſhing power on the imagination, exciting ſuper-natural ideas. Along the front of the houſe, oppoſite to the garden, was a beautiful awning, about twelve feet wide. The ſcaffolding poles which ſupported the canopy of the awning, were cloſely covered with boughs of trees of the fineſt foliage. On each ſide were benches covered with green baize. Along the front were nine windows, each opening like ſo many doors, from the awning into the ball-room. Between each window were boughs of trees againſt the wall, which gave them the appearance as if really growing there. Around the awning were ſeveral rows and feſtoons of variegated lamps, particularly over each window, and the brilliancy of the variegated lamps among the trees produced the moſt beautiful effect. Between each window was a diamond or circle in ſmall lamps, while the ſplendour of the magnificent ball-room perplexed the fancy. The rich moulding in burniſhed gold, which formed the maſſy cornices along the ceiling, ſhone moſt ſuperbly, while two brilliant chandeleirs, of exquiſite workmanſhip, were ſuſpended from the vaulted roof. There were ſeveral bell-lights, and alſo ſtatues in bronze, holding lights, added to the rich mirrors, and beautiful paintings, commanding the moſt enchanting effect. The garden was in ſhort a perfect paradiſe. The floor of the ball-room was chalked out in a very taſteful manner; and on each ſide of the ball-room was a circular drawing-room, both ſuperbly lighted up and ornamented. In the centre of the lawn was a ſtage, about ten feet high and thirty feet ſquare, facing the ball-room, lighted up in a moſt brilliant and fanciful manner. At half paſt one o'clock the following prologue was ſpoken by Mr. Wrottesley, in the character of John Bull:

Odds, jays and magpies! 'mid this ſprightly bevy,
My ſpirit, if heard, may ſeem too grave and heavy;
But in this throng, of whim and frolic full,
Some Engliſh tars will liſten to John Bull;
Think not John Bull eſteems it meritorious
On harmleſs merriment to be cenſorious—

No

No—When his ſterner duties are perform'd,
The patriot flame, which all his boſom warm'd,
Ever in ſparks of ſocial wit ſubſides,
And jovial laughter ſhakes his generous ſides!
Yes, he can laugh, and loudly too, whene'er
Our foes invaſion, or deſcent prepare!
E'en if the waves, when Gallic hordes aſſail us,
Bar'd with the oak of Britiſh navies fail us,
Our ſea-built gates their ſtrongeſt effort thwarts,
Bar'd with the adamant of Britiſh hearts.
But hark! I hear ſome murmurs in the crowd;
They tell me to take care, nor ſpeak too loud—
A ſtateſman* ſays, "Your gibes may reach, I fear,
"The conſular—I mean the imperial ear!
"The man's a ſcoundrel, I can ne'er excuſe him,
"And in the ſenate conſtantly abuſe him:
"Fight him, be-tyrant him, dethrone him, kill him,
"But jokes, you know, with bile and gall may fill him.
"This jeſt of your's might prove a dangerous teazer;
"Shoot as you may, you muſt not laugh at Cæſar."
And muſt then all your objects of deriſion
Be ſubject to an enemy's reviſion?
Whilſt our lov'd king, throughout this happy iſle,
Bids every face with cheerful pleaſure ſmile,
Shall counter orders from an hoſtile ſhore
E'er ſay to free-born Britons—"Smile no more?"
No, but one nobler ſentiment prevails,
Tho' foreign threats and party clamour fails,
Howe'er ſtate cant his anger may provoke,
John Bull diſclaims, abhors the dangerous joke,
Which can excite one kindred boſom's fears,
Or riſk to cauſe one anxious parent's tears†.

After this prologue, which was delivered in a very able manner, the military band aſcended the ſtage, and performed ſeveral ſprightly airs. Mr. Gow's band played in the ball-room, where ſeveral couple ſtood up to dance without diſtinction. Here we found a witch, Elfi Bey, and a flower girl, a tinker, a watchman, a beadle, a Chelſea penſioner, a ſultana, with a group of various other characters.

The great hall was then thrown open, and diſcovered the theatre. On the ſtage erected for the grand coronation, was a groupe of groteſque figures, intended to perſonify the members of the ſociety for the ſuppreſſion of vice; their harangues were chiefly directed againſt the immorality of maſquerades, in a ſtyle

* Sheridan.
† Marquis and Marchioneſs of H——.

of wit and humour that excited no ſmall portion of merriment among the ſpectators; but the ſcene which claimed the peculiar character for novelty, was in the entrance of the great hall, where, on a ſtage taſtefully decorated, appeared a party of gods and goddeſſes, with Apollo and the nine muſes. Apollo was perſonified by Mr. Maddox, who really ſung in character, and was charmingly ſeconded by the celeſtial muſes, who betrayed the forms and voices of the Ducheſs of Leeds, the Miſs Anguiſhes, Miſs Thompſons, and Mrs. Champneys.

After this performance, which was intended as a ſubſtitute for the "Mock coronation of the Emperor of the Gulls," it being now within a quarter of three o'clock ſupper was announced.

The prince of Wales, the moſt accompliſhed and affable gentleman in Europe, then ſelected out his party, which conſiſted of the dukes of Cambridge, Cumberland, and Bedford, the ducheſs of Devonſhire, the marchioneſs of Hertford, and counteſs of Beſborough, Mrs. Fitzherbert, &c. in all thirty-two of the firſt diſtinction. The ſupper was moſt ſumptuous and coſtly, with a profuſion of green peas, cherries, ſtrawberries, &c. &c. The table was moſt ſuperbly decorated; and his royal highneſs, by his amiable condeſcenſion, rendered his party uncommonly happy.

The other wing of the houſe was diſtinguiſhed by five additional ſupper-rooms, one opening out of the other. In theſe rooms ſat about ſeven hundred viſitors; and another room, on the two pair, accommodated about one hundred and twenty. The various ornaments which decorated the tables gave it a ſplendour and brilliancy ſcarcely equalled on any ſimilar occaſion. The apartments were lighted up with ſide and bell-lights, and ſeveral two and three light branches were arranged along the table.

After ſupper the company commenced promenading the garden, ball and drawing-rooms, &c. Dances then followed. Mr. Thelluſſon, who was all night habited as an old dowager, changed his dreſs, about five o'clock in the morning, for that of a jockey, and was uncommonly anxious to pleaſe his viſitors. There were three aſſes brought into the garden, and they were mounted very humouroufly in the following manner, viz.

Mr. Thelluſſon, a jockey. Lord Brooke, a butcher, carrying his tray before him. Mr. Upton, a ſtable boy.

No exhibition could be more laughable or droll than this eccentric race, which was performed round the garden. The prince and his company were highly gratified at this part of the entertainment; and the other viſitors evinced equal ſatisfaction.

At about half paſt five the prince took his leave, and ſoon after his royal brothers, all of whom beſtowed the higheſt encomiums on Mr. Thelluſſon's ſplendid and amuſing hoſpitality.

The

The other part of the company did not begin to ſeparate till about ſix o'clock; and it was paſt ſeven before the rooms were cleared. Among the company we noticed the following characters:—

His royal highneſs the prince of Wales appeared in the character of an Highlander, with his plaid cloak thrown over his ſhoulder; he wore a hat looped up with a brilliant diamond button, and a lofty white oſtrich feather. The duke of Cambridge, a ſailor. The duke of Cumberland appeared in the character of an African negro, a character he well ſupported. Prince William of Glouceſter was moſt magnificently attired in the character of the Grand Turk.

On the beſt MEANS *of* SUPPRESSING VICE.

[From Biſhop Watſon's Sermon, preached before the Society for the Suppreſſion of Vice, in the Pariſh Church of St. George, Hanover-ſquare, May 3, 1804.]

PIETY towards God is an eſſential part of education. Unhappily for the land, every other part of education is ſcrupulouſly attended to, whilſt this is ſadly neglected, through the inadvertence of parents, or the incapacity of teachers. A ſtrong ſenſe of religion is ſo eſſential to the well-being of human ſociety, that it is wonderful to me how it could ever have been made a queſtion, whether any ſtate could ſubſiſt without it. Theft, adultery, murder, perjury, fraud, and other crimes, are puniſhed in all countries, and with great ſeverity in many; yet the perpetrators of theſe crimes every where hope to eſcape detection, and thereby to avoid the puniſhment denounced againſt them. Had their minds been imbued with proper principles of piety, they would have known it to be impoſſible for them to eſcape the detection of God, or the puniſhment to be inflicted by Him. The fear of God not only regulates our conduct in many points to which human laws cannot extend their cognizance, but it gives a great additional ſanction to the laws themſelves.

This fear of the Almighty may be blended with ſuperſtition. I ſpeak not of ſuch a fear; though it may be doubted whether even ſuch a fear be not preferable to no fear at all; but I ſpeak of that fear which is limited by the ſober dictates of natural religion, or more efficaciouſly and circumſtantially by the doctrines of genuine Chriſtianity. Men bewildered in the mazes of metaphyſical philoſophy, inſtigated by the affectation of ſuperior penetration, terrified by the intolerance of fanatical zeal, diſguſted by the numberleſs falſe religions which have enſlaved the human mind in every country of the world: Men of this

ſtamp

ſtamp may raſhly conclude that no revealed religion can be true, and that all the ends of civil government may be attained without the aſſiſtance of any. The experiment whether a ſtate can ſubſiſt without religion will not, I hope, be any where deliberately tried: If it ſhould, I have no heſitation in foretelling that the black picture of idolatrous vice which St. Paul has exhibited in his epiſtles, will be infinitely outdone by that of atheiſtic depravity.

But whatever may be the practice of other ſtates, we have no apprehenſion of religion being neglected in our own. Free ſchools, from the time of Alfred, have been founded in many parts of the land, and places for the worſhip of God, and the religious inſtruction of the people, have been erected in all; an order of men is maintained at the public expence, whoſe office is to explain the obligations of natural and revealed religion to perſons of all ages, and to enforce upon the minds of all, the neceſſity and utility of ſobriety, probity, and godlineſs.

This public teaching, when aided, as it often is and always ought to be, by private monition, friendly expoſtulation, and the ſeaſonable advice of pious and exemplary paſtors, is of great uſe in reſtraining vice; that it is not of much greater, is not the fault of the ſtate, but of the individuals which compoſe it. Let but the moſt ignorant perſon in the kingdom be conſtant in his attendance at church, and it will be quite impoſſible for him to remain ignorant of his duty. Thou ſhalt do no murder; Thou ſhalt not commit adultery; Thou ſhalt not ſteal; Thou ſhalt not bear falſe witneſs;—theſe are prohibitions perfectly intelligible to the meaneſt capacity: no one who hears them read, can plead his ignorance as an excuſe for his immorality; no one who hears read the divine inſtructions expreſſed in every page of the goſpel, but muſt know it to be his duty to purify his heart from all carnal affections, and to adorn it with piety toward God, and good-will to mankind.

A civil magiſtrate may think that he has done as much as ought to be expected from him, when he has made ſuch an ample proviſion for the moral inſtruction of the perſons over whom his care extends, and that the ſword of inexorable juſtice ought to be unſheathed againſt all thoſe who by their crimes diſturb the tranquillity of this government, either through voluntary ignorance of their duty, or from an obſtinate perverſeneſs in acting contrary to their ſenſe of moral rectitude. There is much good reaſon in this obſervation; and yet humanity excites a wiſh in every feeling and benevolent mind that the care of the magiſtrate might reach farther; that it might be applied in a more particular manner to the amending the morals of ſome of the moſt wretched of the community, by affording them innocent means of ſubſiſtence, and opportunities of acquiring virtuous habits.

I allude, in making this obſervation, to thoſe unhappy perſons of both ſexes, who are, at ſtated ſeaſons, diſcharged from our priſons, either from their crimes and miſdemeanours not being ſufficiently proved againſt them, or after they have ſuffered the correction and confinement required by law. The civil magiſtrate is the father of all his people; and one cannot but wiſh that he would provide a place for theſe his unfortunate children, where they might tender their labour for the ſupport of their life, till repentance and good conduct had reſtored them to the eſtimation of mankind. When perſons of either ſex have been once brought before a tribunal of juſtice, their character is gone; no one will hire them as ſervants or employ them as labourers; their relations of fair fame, if they happen to have any ſuch, are aſhamed of them, and will not receive them into their houſes; the importunities, in the mean time, of hunger and thirſt cannot be reſiſted:—theſe unhappy victims of vice and imprudence are under a kind of phyſical neceſſity to return to their accuſtomed haunts of wickedneſs, of ſupporting a miſerable exiſtence by robbery, theft, and proſtitution.

But it may be ſaid that theſe people are incorrigible and incapable of reformation, and that the ſooner they fill up the meaſure of their iniquity, the better will it be for the community. This is an unphiloſophical, and what is of more importance, it is an unchriſtian concluſion, to ſay that any accountable being, any being endued with underſtanding and liberty, is incapable of reformation; it is a coarſe, illiberal, cruel, indolent mode of civil legiſlation, to ſuffer diſeaſed members to become gangrenous and corrupt, rather than be at the trouble and expence of healing them.

It ſhould be the policy of every wiſe ſtate to govern men by the fear of infamy rather than by the fear of death: for death robs the community of a citizen, whilſt the fear of infamy is the parent of virtuous endeavour to recover loſt reputation. This fear is annihilated, and an audacity in vice is introduced in its ſtead, when many individuals are compelled to herd together, and to become aſſociates in wickedneſs. It cannot, however, it may be urged, be expected, that the legiſlature ſhould waſte the public treaſure in maintaining rogues and proſtitutes. Nothing of this kind is either expected or required; the intention is not to maintain flagitious perſons, but to leſſen the number of them, by freeing them from the neceſſity they are under of perſevering in an abandoned conduct, by affording the means of becoming virtuous to all thoſe who ſhall become weary of being vicious. A tenth part of that treaſure which is annually expended, by the different ſtates of Chriſtendom, in unchriſtian warfare, would ſupply for ever the expenſe of eſtabliſhments in every country, in which the morals of thouſands would be amended, their idleneſs changed into induſtry, their profligacy into ſobriety,

briety, their lives preſerved for the public good, and the peace of ſociety maintained.

The deſcription which Solomon made of the vanity of all human purſuits in his time is applicable to all times; and there is little difference to be found in the nature of the purſuits themſelves. Power, wealth, honour, fame, pleaſure, ever have been, and, whilſt human nature remains unchanged, ever will be, objects of human attention; and, if they are purſued with moderation, attained by honourable means, and conſidered not as final ends of our labour, but as temporary, ſubordinate inſtruments of human felicity, I do not ſee how they can be ſaid to be vanities, unleſs on this ground, that they all ſoon come to an end. In this reſpect life itſelf may be conſidered as the greateſt of all vanities, ſo great, indeed, that the wiſe king ſaid he hated life:—"Yea, I hated all my labour, which I had taken under the ſun, becauſe I ſhall leave it unto the man that ſhall be after me."

In what a different point of view has Chriſtianity taught us to conſider life! Inſtead of being a vanity, it is an object of the greateſt poſſible importance. It is a ſhadow, no doubt, which hourly fleeth away; yet are we loſt if we do not lay hold on this ſhadow. It is not even a moment of eternity; yet, on the uſe we make of this moment of time depends the quality of our everlaſting exiſtence. This life is the ſchool in which we are to be inſtructed for Heaven; in this ſchool, we muſt learn leſſons of piety, of brotherly love, of purity and ſelf-government; in this ſchool we muſt make ready the wedding-garment, be clothed with the robe of righteouſneſs, be adorned with that Chriſtian diſpoſition, without which the blood of Chriſt will have flowed in vain; without which it will be naturally impoſſible for us to become partakers of the bleſſings of Heaven.

The life of philoſophers, it has been ſaid, is ſpent in the contemplation of death; the life of Chriſtians ought to be ſpent in the contemplation of everlaſting exiſtence. Gracious God! how terrible to bad men, how pleaſurable to good men, how intereſting to all men, is the thought of everlaſting exiſtence! It is a thought, which, if rooted firmly by faith in the hearts of individuals; if expanded therein by contemplation; if cheriſhed therein by repeated reflection, would of itſelf reform the morals of mankind. Everlaſting exiſtence!! Ambitious tyrants of the earth, relentleſs murderers of mankind, barbarous promoters of rapine, deſolation, and bloodſhed, think of this!

Boaſters againſt God, mockers in the latter times, arrogant, ignorant, impious, ridiculers of the religion of Chriſt, think of this!

Gay, ſenſual, diſſipated conformiſts to the fooliſh faſhions of a wicked world, think of this!

Perhaps you do not believe in this everlaſting exiſtence; perhaps you have ſo puzzled your reaſon with dark argumentation for and againſt the natural immortality of the human ſoul, for and againſt the poſſibility or the credibility of miracles, that you are diſtracted by ſcepticiſm, and beginning to lean to the annihilating doctrines of Epicurus; to the opinion, that as the beaſt dieth, ſo dieth man. O! let not a propenſity to vice blind your underſtanding; truſt not ſpeculations, which, in removing the hopes and fears of futurity, will give the reins to your paſſions; for paſſions, indulged without reſtraint, muſt, of natural conſequence, ſhut againſt you the gates of Heaven. Read the goſpel; it will tell you the danger of paſſions uncontrouled. Read the goſpel; and you will find that anchor of a Chriſtian's hope, the fact of the reſurrection of Chriſt, and conſequently the certainty of your own, eſtabliſhed by teſtimony as indiſputable as any fact in ancient hiſtory. Read the goſpel; believe the goſpel; obey the goſpel: for in it are the words of everlaſting life: in it, and in it alone, can ſinful man (and what man ſinneth not?) find reſt unto his ſoul. I conclude, in the language of St. Paul to Timothy: "Conſider what I ſay: and the Lord give you underſtanding in all things!"

REFLECTION.

THE greateſt gratification a well diſpoſed mind can experience is to alleviate the ſorrows of a fellow-creature in diſtreſs, by whom every little attention is ſenſibly felt. This is truly rational and Chriſtian luxury.

Anſwer, by S. Phillips, late an Aſſiſtant in Mr. Chivers's School, St. Auſtle, to W. Carter's Queſtion, inſerted January 9.

THE perimeter of a △, whoſe three ſides are 3, 4, and 5, is 12; then ſay as 12 : 3 :: 48 (the given perimeter): 12 chains, the ⊥; and as 12:4 :: 48 : 16 chains, the baſe; and again, as 12 : 5 :: 48 : 20 chains, the hypothenuſe. Hence

16+12÷2=96 chains, the area of the △; and as 10 ſquare chains: 20l. the value of one acre :: 96 ſquare chains : 192l. the value required, found without algebra, ſcale, or table, as was required.

*** We have received the like anſwer from S. L. Margary, of Tremough.

Anſwer, by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton, to G. Coulman's Charade, inſerted May 21.

THE WOODLARK, glory of the warbling throng,
Alternate ſwells and ſinks his varied ſong.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Rutger, of Clowance; R. Mudge, of Aſhburton; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; J. Waldron, of Lyme-Regis; Paul Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; and W. Strong, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by Britannicus, of Dartmouth, to T. Bullock's Rebus, inſerted May 21.

SWEET MUSIC's pow'rs would lull the ſoul to reſt,
Its charms, 'tis ſaid, can "ſoothe the ſavage breaſt."

‡ We have received the like anſwer from John Whittle, of Upway; G. Stoke, and G. Hann, junior, of Stoke Abbot; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; W. Tucker, of Tilſhead; T. Rutger, of Clowance; Primroſe, of Taunton; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; and T. Whicker, R. Holwell, and W. Strong, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by J. G. Jun. of Plymouth, to J. B. Bloomfield's Charade, inſerted the 28th of May.

A REBUS ſurely will reveal,
What you but ſlightly did conceal.

‡‡ We have received the like anſwer from P. Gove, J. T. S. R. Holwell, Strap, and W. Strong, of Exeter; J. Waldron, of Lyme Regis; T. Rutger, of Clowance; Britannicus, and A. Kyne, of Dartmouth; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; and G. Stoke, jun. and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot.

A REBUS, *by G. Hann, Jun. of Stoke Abbot.*

THREE-FIFTHS of an ornament worn by the fair;
My next will a term in muſic declare:
Now, Sirs, if you wiſh to explain what I mean,
Examine the toy-ſhop, you'll find it I ween.

A CHARADE, *by P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell.*

MY firſt's a place for furious beaſts;
My ſecond much doth grace a feaſt:
And both, cemented rightly, name
A poet of deſerved fame.

A CHARADE, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

WHEN Ceres o'er the fertile land
Beſtrews her gifts with lib'ral hand,
My firſt's in plenty ſeen;
And when Pomona doth appear,
My next her choiceſt fruits doth wear,
Which you'll deſcry I ween:
Theſe ſimple parts, when you've allied,
They'll plainly ſhew where I reſide.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Written and ſet to Muſic by T. SHOEL, *Author of "Mileſhill."*

SWEET minſtrel of the lonely hour,
Whoſe pipe can charm the duſkeſt ear,
Reclin'd beneath this jeſs'mine bower,
O! how I love thy ſong to hear.

O thou! ſweet muſic's ſweeteſt child,
How pleaſing does thy ſolo ſound,
While Cynthia ſheds her radiance mild,
Or ſtars and planets glow around!

Sweet miſtreſs of enchanting ſong,
Of all that melody can yield;
To whom the choiceſt notes belong,
That fill the grove, or bleſs the field.

And hark! the melting accents ſteal,
Soft as the mellow-breathing flute;
Silence enraptur'd hears the tale,
Impatient longer to be mute.

Now in a higher key ſhe ſounds,
A bolder, ſtronger cadence tries;
The wood thro' every dell rebounds,
And echo from her cave replies.

But ſee! black clouds tremendous riſe,
Involving deep the lunar beam;
Deep craſhing thunders ſhake the ſkies,
And fierce the livid lightnings gleam.

Yet midſt the tempeſt raving loud,
Midſt the blue fire's terrific glare;
Tho' bolts ſulphureous rend the cloud,
And howling winds diſturb the air—

Still does the ſweet ſonata ſound,
Midſt all the horrors of the ſcene;
Still breathe its matchleſs deſcant round,
With ſcarce a ſilent pauſe between.

Sweet bird, adieu! ſtill do thou chear,
The long dull hours of ſullen night;
Till morn's gay herald mounts in air,
And hails the glad return of light.

Then let thy air, ſymphonious, yield
To nature's chorus, burſting round,
From hill, from woodland, grove, and field,
That with the mingled notes reſound.

Then, perch'd upon thy hawthorn ſpray,
Sooth'd by their warblings, ſink to reſt,
Till Phœbus bears his lamp away,
And with its light illumes the weſt.

Then

Then wake afreſh thy charming ſtrain,
Again thy ſong's ſweet thrills renew;
Regale the home-returning ſwain,
And feaſt the contemplative few.

And O ſweet bird! like thee how bleſt,
Who in the night can tune an air,
When hard by ſtern misfortune preſs'd,
Deep rack'd by pain, or whelm'd in care.

When burſts the tempeſt o'er the head,
When winds beat high, or thunders roll,
When ſorrow ſtrikes each comfort dead,
And pale diſtreſs invades the ſoul.

Then ah! how few can frame the lay,
When hangs the harp by grief unſtrung;
When woe embitters all the day,
Chills the cold heart, and chains the tongue.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO CELIA.

TO emulate my Celia's bloom,
Shall I the roſe's hues defy?
Or with her breathing ſweets to vie,
Challenge the parterre's beſt perfume?

Shall I to paint her potent charms,
Seek the three graces' mingled aid?
Copy each light, each modeſt ſhade,
Each glow that in perfection* warms?

While Celia's virtues merit higher,
Thoſe common topics I'll diſclaim;
For other ſwains may uſe the ſame,
And other nymphs the ſame inſpire.

I'll rather range the flow'ry dale,
To boaſt, with ſecret rapture, there,
Its whiteſt lily to compare
With Celia's purity would fail.

But vain th' attempt to picture forth
Thoſe charms which claim the warmeſt lays;
Nature no ſimile diſplays
To deſignate her mental worth.

Falmouth, July 5, 1804. ALEXIS.

* Perfection of perſonal beauty.

Lines tranſlated from a Latin Epitaph, written by the late Biſhop Lowth on his Daughter, by Charles Dickinſon, Eſq.

FAREWELL, my child! in all accompliſhments
Unparallel'd; in meekneſs; piety
And more by merit than by nature dear;
Farewell, Maria! and once more, farewell!
Farewell, my child! When the great day arrives,
O! happy day! that in the realms of bliſs,
If I am found deſerving, we ſhall meet:
Return my child! enraptur'd I ſhall cry,
theſe fond arms—my deareſt child return!